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EVELINA,

A

POEM:

BY THE AUTHOR OF EVELINA.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

Juſt Publiſhed,

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THE

SEASONS,

A

POEM.

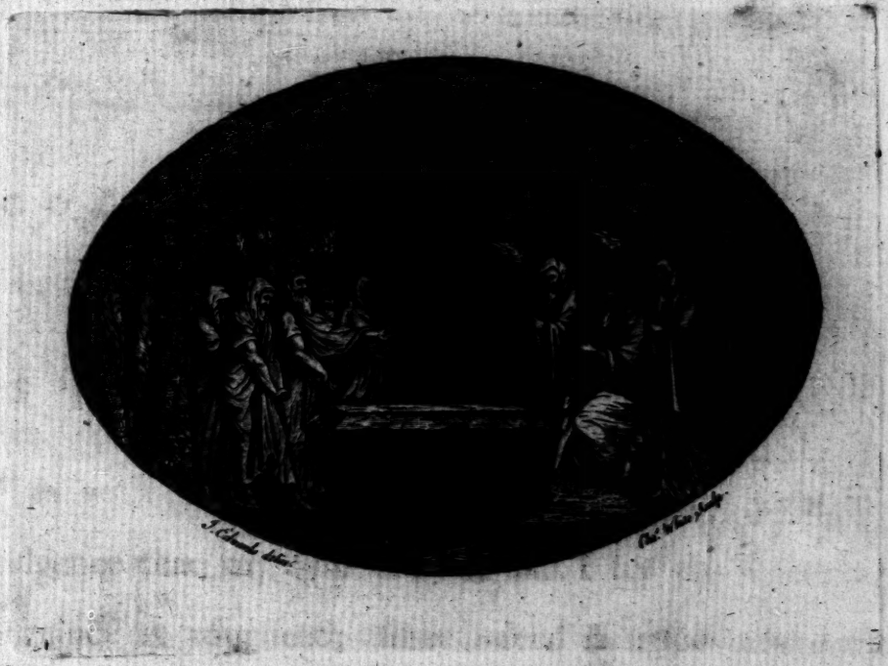
BY THE AUTHOR OF EVELINA.

EVELINA:

A

POEM.

BY JOHN HUDDLESTONE WYNNE, GENT.



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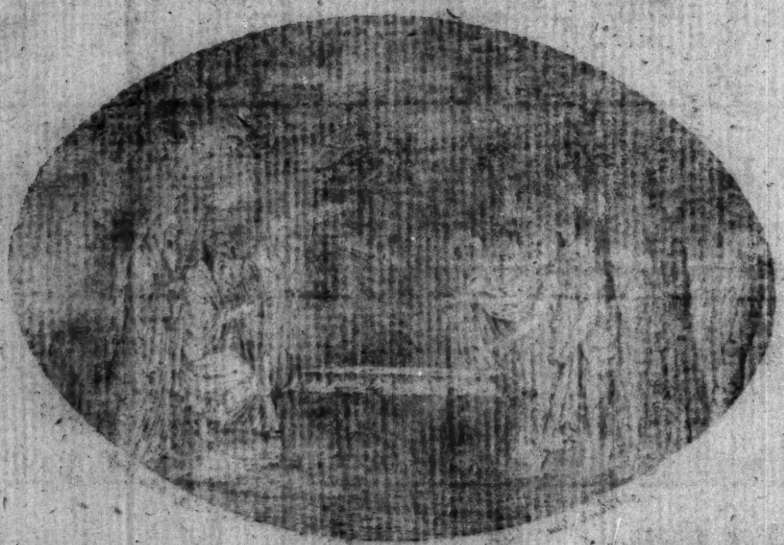

TO

THE HONOURABLE

SIR THOMAS WYNN, BART.

LORD LIEUTENANT of the County of CARNARVON.

AND

COLONEL OF THE MILITIA.

SIR,

IT is with a far greater dependance upon your indulgence than my own deserts, that I lay the following performance at your feet; since indeed if it has any merit at all, it is only derived from the kind assistance you were pleased to communicate; though if my execution had come up

up to the plan I worked from I conceive the Poem might well have deſerved to be ranked with the moſt celebrated performances of this enlightened age.

But excluſive of any other claim, there is a kind of tax laid on gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed birth and abilities, to patronize the attempts of unſupported but aſpiring genius; and this claim, Sir, the race of Authors have ever been moſt zealous to ſupport; Poets, in particular, have always ſought for a MÆCENAS—and where could I have found a Patron ſo proper as Sir THOMAS WYNN, to whom the honours of an ancient family are ſo worthily deſcended, and whoſe love of all the fine arts is only equalled by his judgment in them?

I

This, indeed, is a ſubject on which I could dwell with pleaſure; but that, as I know the beſt of men are generally the leaſt taken with their own praiſes, I forbear.——What I have already ſaid, though far ſhort

of

of the truth, may well account for my motives in preſenting EVELINA to the Gentleman who has contributed ſo much to her introduction to the world; —— for my own part I am but her Foſter-Father, and if ſhe is received from my hands uninjured, it will be my greateſt boaſt—except only that I have the Permiſſion to teſtify in this public manner how much I have the honour to be

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt obliged

And devoted Servant,

J. H. WYNNE.

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lications

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Most obliged

And devoted Servant,

J. H. W Y N N E.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may not be improper to inform the Reader that this Piece was occaſioned by the finding in a deep glen or valley, not far from the foot of SNOWDON, a rude Sarcophagus, on which was inſcribed in very irregular characters---EVELINA.---This ancient monument was placed beneath the trunks of three venerable Oaks, which were cloathed with mantling Ivy, and whoſe ſolemn ſhade ſeemed, for ages, to have been the repoſitory of EVELINA's duſt.

A circumſtance ſo romantic was of itſelf ſufficient to rouſe the attention and warm the fancy of a friend of the tuneful Muſes----The gloomy ſcene, the venerable ſhade, the reſort of Druids, who mourned, as it were, over the ruins of their country; ----- Theſe naturally formed the Imagery of the Poem, and Fancy ſupplied the reſt----The ſubject being thus, as it were, laid down by MELPOMONE herſelf, and the argument furniſhed by an honourable Friend, the Poet has undertaken with ſuch aſſiſtances to fabricate the following Piece, in which he has rather endeavoured to trace wild Nature than to ſeek for the nicer decorations of Art; convinced that though regularity and a ſtudied correctneſs, may be the boaſt of the Writers of Ethics, yet the glowing warmth of an awakened Imagination, is the very Life of an Elegiac Poem.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

CARADOC, or CARACTACUS, a Britiſh prince, after having reſiſted the arms of the Romans for more than nineteen years, was at length totally defeated by OSTORIUS, and conſtrained to fly for ſafety to his Allies.------But being betrayed through the means of CARTISMANDUA into the hands of the Romans, he was led into captivity, together with all his family, except his daughter EVELINA, who expired on the ſpot, being unable to ſurvive the fatal cataſtrophe.---- A band of Druids, conveying her remains from the foot of SNOWDON, reſt with them in a dark glen or valley, ſhaded by venerable oaks, where they depoſit them in a rude ſarcophagus, and open the buſineſs of the Poem with their lamentations for her death, the captivity of their Prince, and the miſerable ſtate of their country.

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EVELINA.

IN a deep vale, by length'ning ſhades obſcur'd,
By woods emboſom'd, and rough hills immur'd;
Near where imperial SNOWDON's heights ariſe,
Whoſe airy ſummit props the diſtant ſkies;
Beneath the joyleſs reign of ſable night,
What time the Heav'ns had veil'd their ſacred light,
And the pale empreſs of the ſtarry train
Was ſunk diſaſtrous in the Weſtern main;

In long proceſſion, lo! a holy band,
The hapleſs remnant of a ruin'd land,
Advanc'd, with melancholy ſteps, and ſlow,
Silent and deep, in all the pomp of woe;
Till, in the centre of the lofty ſhade,
An awful pauſe the rev'rend mourners made:
Then thrice they call'd on EVELINA's name,
Daughter of Kings, conſign'd to deathleſs fame:
Through the deep vale, the lengthen'd notes rebound,
And SNOWDON's heights return the ſolemn ſound.

"VIRGIN! we come! Soon Time's ſhort race is o'er!
We join thee on th' irremeable ſhore.
Virgin! we come! the fleeting hours decay,
That mark Life's buſy, tranſitory day!"

THEN ſounds the ſolemn harp a diſmal ſtrain,
Whoſe ſpeaking ſtrings melodiouſly complain;
By high-born HOEL touch'd with matchleſs grace,
The pride and glory of the minſtrel race.

"HAIL

"HAIL to the land where EVELINA's duſt,
Fair Offſpring of the Great, the Wiſe, the Juſt!
Shall reſt intomb'd; within whoſe circuit lies
The hero's boaſt, the gen'rous lover's prize.
Hail to this holy ſhrine, wherein are ſpread
The laſt ſad relics of the beauteous dead,
For whom, in life, contending Princes ſigh'd,
Who for her Father and her Country dy'd!

MARK the devoted ſpot, the luckleſs hour,
When BRITAIN felt the rage of hoſtile pow'r!—
When firſt the waning moon's deſcending beam
Glanc'd rays obliquely trembling o'er the ſtream;
When gloomy clouds encompaſs'd SNOWDON's brow,
And dark miſts crept along the vale below;
While dancing meteors ſhot acroſs the night,
And ſcar'd the nations with terrific light;
From MENAI's depth confeſs'd in dreadful form,
When roſe the Spirit that directs the ſtorm:

'Twas then the ſtrength of ALBIONs glory fail'd,
And Roman arms inſidiouſly prevail'd.

MARK well the luckleſs hour, the fatal day,
That from our Country ſtole her Prop away.
'Twas when thy groves, O MONA! fail'd to ſhield
The victor-chief of many a well-fought field:
Then ruſh'd the eagle thro' th' æthereal way,
And of the princely dragon made a prey.

Then CARADOC was loſt, our ſons retir'd;
And EVELINA at the fight expir'd!

FLOW, LLYVAN's ſtream, reſponſive flow along,
While CAMBRIA's hills re-eccho to the ſong!
A ſong of worthies, ancient ALBION's boaſt;
A ſong of heroes and of beauties loſt.
Ye paſſing winds in plaintive murmurs tell
How Britons bled, how EVELINA fell!

FLOW, LLYVAN's ſtream, reſponſive flow along,
And CAMBRIA's hills re-eccho to the ſong!

A ſong

A ſong of mourning, and of tears that flow:
A ſong of ſorrows, and of heart-felt woe!——
Spirits of heroes ſlain, attend the lay,
And waft the numbers to the realms of day!

Ye ancient oaks with mantling ivy bound,
Ye ſwelling hills with verdant foreſts crown'd!
Delightful ſcenes! while Liberty remain'd
And glorious chiefs a warlike race ſuſtain'd
And Mona, thou, whoſe brown and awful ſhade
By bards and ſages venerable made,
Full oft' haſt liſten'd to our ſacred ſong,
And bade thy groves the ſolemn notes prolong,
Full oft' in airy forms haſt call'd from high
Bright Inſpiration, daughter of the ſky,
In myſtic dreams to charm the Druid's ſleep,
Couch'd on ſome cliff, high nodding o'er the deep,
Once happier ſeats!——record the dreadful hour,
That gave your country up to hoſtile pow'r.—

Lo!

" Lo! dark around us ſpread the ſhades of night,
And not one ſtar beams forth its uſeful light;
Wide o'er the LLYVAN ſweeps the murm'ring breeze,
And ſounds diſcordant, ruſtle through the trees;
But when black clouds th' æthereal vault deform
And Nature trembles at the black'ning ſtorms,
In one ſoft tranquil ſleep, eternal bleſs'd,
Shall EVELINA's hallow'd relics reſt."

" REST EVELINA! (ſang the anſw'ring band,)
Reſt ever peaceful in thy native land;
May no rude ſtep thy aweful ſhrine profane,
But here may Peace and ſacred Silence reign.
REST, EVELINA! till the final doom
Shall wrap all Nature in one common tomb;
Reſt all of thee that owns a mortal birth,
Embrac'd and honour'd by thy kindred earth;
Till Death and Deſtiny to ruin hurl'd——
Shall cruſh the atoms of a jarring world:—
But that immortal Spark of heavenly flame
That warm'd thy breaſt, ſhall urge a higher claim

Through

Through various ‡ changes holding ſtill her way
To the bright regions of eternal day!

" Thus low enwrapp'd in awful ſhades are laid,
Thy dear remains, O royal, injured maid.
Thus low our hopes were laid, and thus our truſt,
And Britain's glory humbled in the duſt,
When thy great Father, in himſelf an hoſt,
Our ſpear of war, and arm of ſtrength was loſt!
Who ſhall deſcribe the horrors of that day,
When Rome triumphant led our Prince away;
When her proud ſons beheld to poliſh'd art,
Yield the plain valour of a Britiſh heart?
There ſunk the mighty, and there fell the brave,
And captive princes ſigh'd but for a grave!
There He, who ſtood unmov'd 'midſt loud alarms,
And twice ten years defy'd the Roman arms.
In one ſad hour (bow'd like his native oak,
Beneath th' impetuous thunder's dreadful ſtroke,)

‡ The Britons believed in the Pythagorean ſyſtem of tranſmigration.

Was thrown to earth; his ſocial train they bore
Sad mourning captives to a foreign ſhore,
His weeping family his fate attend,
And with reluctant ſteps the lofty bark aſcend.

BUT *one*, the nobleſt of the royal train;
Force had ſubdu'd and counſel urg'd in vain,
Fair EVELINA, bright in youthful charms,
Diſdain'd the rights of all-ſubduing arms!
Still warm in youth ſhe ſought the gates of death:
Free as her birth ſhe yields her lateſt breath,
Kiſs'd the dear earth that nurs'd her early years,
Heav'd a deep ſigh, and ſhed a few ſad tears:
Then burſt the bands that check'd her Spirit's flight,
Expir'd her ſoul and ſunk to ſilent night."——

THUS while they ſang the ſouth wind roaring loud
Heap'd miſt on miſt and tumbled cloud on cloud,
With lightnings flaſhing o'er th' æerial bound,
And thunders rolling through the vaſt profound;

In

In dread commotion o'er the billowy deep,
With horrid ſound the wakened whirlwind ſweep:
Silence is ſcar'd, and Peace affrighted flies
From warring elements and burning ſkies,
While 'midſt the wreck with ſolemn rites adorn'd
By ev'ry Muſe by ev'ry Druid mourn'd,
To Earth's ſad womb with many a ſigh they truſt
The laſt remains of EVELINA's duſt.

Now ſlow and ſolemn, o'er the honour'd tomb
Amidſt the horrors of the midnight gloom,
They pour their ſorrows, thrice again exclaim,
Frantic with woe, on EVELINA's name;
Then parting ſad, on either hand retire,
As part the winds the gloomy funeral fire.

BUT he, the Chief, who led the ſacred train
Long us'd in MONA's aweful groves to reign,
O'er the ſad ſhrine in ſorrow bending low,
Near where old LLVYAN's rapid torrents flow;

Beneath

Beneath the deep and melancholy ſhade,
Primæval oaks with mingling boughs diſplay'd;
His aweful front with marks of grief impreſs'd
His ſilver beard ſoft waving o'er his breaſt,
His head upon his bended arm ſuſtain'd,
Like ſome ſad monument of grief remain'd.

THE thunders roaring, the funereal gloom,
That wrapp'd the ſhade of EVELINA's tomb;
The winds that whiſtled loud the trees among,
The ſwelling ſtream that foaming pour'd along.
The Spirits of the ſtorm that ſailing high,
Bore devaſtation through the redd'ning ſky;
Voices of woe from SNOWDON's top that cry'd,
While lofty MONA through the gloom reply'd,
Forms long departed of the ſilent dead,
That ſtrike the trembling heart with awe and dread,
Flaſhing like meteors on th' aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Beneath the ſable horrors of the night,

Theſe unappal'd the chief of MONA hear'd
For fortitude and juſtice ſtill rever'd,
And ſkill'd in charms whoſe wonder working pow'r
Oft' at the ſilent midnight's gloomy hour,
By magic ſpells the ſouls of heroes ſlain
Has call'd to banquet on the moonlight plain.

GREAT was his *pow'r*, but greater were the charms
Of *Virtue* that her ſacred vot'ries warms;
Who in his breaſt her hallow'd rule maintain'd,
For Virtue chief in ancient MONA reign'd,
Yet unſubdu'd unpoliſh'd by thoſe arts
That to ſoft ſlav'ry ſunk the Roman hearts
In after ages which to ruin hurl'd
The envy'd Miſtreſs of the conquer'd world.——

BUT as the night's dun ſhadows fled away
And ruddy ſtreaks proclaim'd approaching day,
The ſtorms that ſhook the woods appear'd to ceaſe,
And fighting winds were huſh'd to ſofteſt peace.

BUT no ſoft ſleep the chief of MONA knows,
While warring elements forbid repoſe,
While his lov'd country's woes his ſoul oppreſs'd,
And more than tempeſts robb'd his eyes of reſt;
Yet when the op'ning clouds proclaim'd the dawn,
And grey morn' glimmer'd o'er the dewy lawn,
Deep ſunk beneath the viſionary ſhade,
In ſilent trance the rev'rend Seer was laid.
To the dark vale, from SNOWDON's bright'ning height
The airy ſpirits take their wonted flights;
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrew the green
A countleſs hoſt! to mortal eye unſeen,
Save to the Druids and the ſacred train
That in high MONA hold their aweful reign;—
Theſe oft obſerve them as they ſweep along,
And fill all ÆTHER with cæleſtial ſong,
Or ſtrike the harps 'lone hanging on the trees,
And waft their muſic on the paſſing breeze;
Now hov'ring cloſe o'er EVELINA's tomb,
With duſky wing, they ſkirt the aweful gloom,

Relume

Relume the laſt remains of Britiſh fire,
And heav'nly thoughts, and myſtic dreams inſpire.

MEANWHILE AURORA with her ſaffron ray,
Wide ſcatt'ring roſes, wakes the new-born day,
The diſtant hills with yellow luſtre bright
Confeſs th' approaches of the God of light,
Then opes the ſcene, refulgent to behold!
The glitt'ring rocks and ſtreams that glow with gold.—
Firſt SNOWDON's height the ſolar beam diſplays,
And ſhines conſpicuous with the orient blaze,
The glorious Pow'r who rules the radiant ſky,
That ſacred ſpot regards with fav'ring eye;
Where Freedom from oppreſſive arms retir'd,
And but at laſt triumphantly expir'd.
Short were the glories there that Conqueſt won,
Till Art completed what, by force begun,
Oft ſtain'd the Britiſh Alps with native blood,
Or gorg'd the wolves, and fiſhes of the flood,

While

While brazen-throated War, with hidious roar
Rebellow'd to the fartheſt THULE's ſhore!

GREAT Prince of Mountains! from whoſe tow'ring height,
Stupendous objects ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Thy ſounding cataracts, and mingled caves,
Thy melting ſnows that ſwell old Ocean's waves,
Thy craggy cliffs from whence with furious ſweep
The ruſhing tempeſts rouſe the troubled deep;
Amazing ſcenes! inſpire the Poet's ſong,
That brings the fine and lib'ral arts along,
Well might the artiſts here, ITALIA's boaſt,
Find ſcenes well ſuited on thy Britiſh coaſt.
ROSA! whoſe pencil, ſtill ſublimely wrought,
In all the majeſty of boundleſs thought,
Who trac'd wild Nature in her rudeſt forms,
Midſt broken rocks and oceans vex'd by ſtorms;
Here might have prov'd the wonders of his hand,
And caught new beauties from the vary'd land;

Till

Till thy ſoft art the brighteſt tints beſtow'd,
And warm with life the ſwelling canvaſs glow'd.

MENAI, whoſe ſtream more ſoft and gentle flows,
Whoſe frequent murm'rings lull to calm repoſe,
Wide to Ierne's coaſt her courſe that bends,
And tow'rds the vaſt Atlantic deep extends;
Seas ever rolling to far diſtant ſkies,
And other climes where other ſtars ariſe,
Where happier iſles the great COLUMBUS found,
And lands extending to the world's vaſt bound,
With that immenſe and long unnotic'd ſhore
Stretch'd from MAGELLAN to rough LABRADOR
And northward ſtill, beyond where man can trace
The ſeats remote of many' a ſavage race,
Ev'n to the Children of the Sun unknown,
And ſwarthy tribes that fill the torrid zone!

MENAI! thy waves and banks deſcending flow,
Bright with the face of Morn's effulgence glow.

Not rich PACTOLUS, pride of Phrygian lands,
Nor AFRIC's ſtreams that roll o'er golden lands,
More deep imbibe the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Reflect his beams, and glitter on the day!

HERE might the Poet ſing in ſtrains ſublime
Drawn from the records of remoter time,
How, on thy banks, a mingled barb'rous hoſt
In ſlaughter'd thouſands ſtrew'd the Britiſh coaſt,
Well pleas'd ſtill CAMBRIA hears her † OWEN's name
And ranks the hero in her liſt of fame,
Who ſaw fair Peace and Liberty reſtor'd
And ſav'd his People from a foreign Lord.——

STILL riſing Phœbus paints the varying ſcene,
The op'ning valley, and the foreſt green,
The coaſts far winding on the ſea-girt ſhore
And MONA doom'd to hoſtile arms once more.

When

† Owen Gwynned who defeated the Danes, Normans and Iriſh at the paſs of the MENAI.——

When fierce PAULINUS † with his Roman band,
Ruſh'd on, to deſolate the mourning land;
Then by the biting ax, with ruthleſs ſtroke,
Fell thy tall foreſts of majeſtic oak,
Which long revolving ages had ſurvey'd,
To ſpread aloft their venerable ſhade.
Dire was the conteſt, ere proud ROME prevail'd
And MONA's ſons to guard her altars fail'd;
Till partial Fate at length decreed their doom,
And bury'd thouſands in one common tomb.

DINLLE's rampart, gilded by the morn,
Whoſe ſpreading beams more wide the ſcene adorn,
The earlieſt marks of foreign pow'r diſplays,
And trophies that far conq'ring armies raiſe;
The flutt'ring ſhade of many a hero ſlain,
Or Druid, here, beneath Night's ſable reign,
Hovers in air, amidſt thoſe calm retreats,
As flitting onward tow'rds his native ſeats,

Where

† Suetonius, Paulinus who invaded and deſtroyed the ſacred groves of MONA.

Where MONA once her ſacred grove diſplay'd,
By envious ROME in ſmoaky ruins laid.

THE vale of VORTIGERN, next ſtrikes the ſight,
Fluſh'd with the radiance of the riſing light:
Ill-fated Prince! o'er Britains ſtate who reign'd,
And dreadful war (with Heav'n averſe,) maintain'd
Retir'd at laſt to Cambria's rocky ſhore,
Where Britain hears th' Hibernian ocean roar,
He, whom in life perpetual tempeſts toſs'd
In tempeſt periſh'd on the Britiſh coaſt;
Struck by Heav'ns fires a blacken'd corſe he lies,
His gen'rous ſpirit mounts th' ætherial ſkies,
In the lone vale his relics low are laid,
While ſad remembrance mourns the hero's ſhade.

AND, CLAUDE, thy pencil here in many a ſcene,
The ſtream ſoft flowing, and the flow'ry green,
MENAI's bright waves and ſoft deſcending ſhores,
Whoſe ceaſeleſs courſe the weſtern deep explores;

The

The route of conqueſt, knowledge, ſcience deign,
Now in the Weſt to hold their glorious reign!
Long has ASSYRIA mourn'd her empire loſt,
And PERSIA, once the conquer'd world's great boaſt:
Nor poliſh'd GREECE the glorious prize had gain'd,
Nor later Rome the envy'd palm maintain'd.
Great Sun of Science, thy enliv'ning ray
To other ſhores has found its deſtin'd way!—
—Here CLAUDE thy pencil dipp'd in richeſt dyes,
The beaming ſuns bright clouds, and ſmiling ſkies,
In CAMBRIA's vales, and riſing hills might find
A ſubject equal to thy happy mind;
Here might'ſt thou well the fineſt touches give,
And bid the animated canvas live;
For here the ſofteſt ſcenes that Nature ſpreads,
The nobleſt tints that glorious PHŒBUS ſheds,
Are genial mingled; here the fields and ſtreams
With mildeſt glow reflect the radiant beams,
Fluſh'd with the bloom the glorious ſcenes diſplay,
And glowing landſcapes op'ning on the day,

While Nature in ſuch lovely dreſs appears,
As halcyon days beheld, and SATURN's golden years.

NOR leſs the ſtream of LLYVON, marks the ſcene,
Still glitt'ring various on the blue ſerene,
Reflects new beauties as his current flows,
And other ſkies in his deep boſom ſhews.—
When Vernal Suns their bright'ning influence ſhed,
When Summer's radiance o'er the heav'ns is ſpread,
When genial Autumn holds her milder reign,
And CERES' gifts enrich the yellow plain,
Old LLYVON bids his gently murm'ring wave,
In ſofteſt lapſe the verdant borders lave;
But when from high the fierce AQUARIUS pours
His wintry ſtore of unremitting ſhow'rs,
Then ſwells his torrent, whoſe reſiſtleſs force,
Sublimely dreadful in its rapid courſe,
Deep through the ſubject valley ſweeps along,
Hoarſe murm'ring breaks the rugged rocks among;
With ſway impetuous ſcours the level plain,
And roaring, thund'ring, ruſhes to the main:

So

So CAMBRIA's ſons, an unoffending race,
And high adorn'd with ev'ry manly grace,
In peace mild breathing as the Summer gale
That curls the ſtream, and ſwells the purple ſail,
From VENUS' ſelf the heav'nly palm receive,
And laurels with the gentler myrtle weave:
But when (arous'd by direful war's alarms)
The ſhrill-ton'd trumpet ſummons them to arms,
Not the vex'd wintry ſtorm that wildly roars,
And beats in wrath their hoarſe-reſounding ſhores;
Not the loud thunder, pealing from on high,
That rends the azure concave of the ſky,
More fierce, more dreadful!—Reſolute to dare,
They ruſh impetuous through the files of war;
The charging hoſts with ardent eye ſurvey,
And ſnatch from MARS himſelf the glories of the day!

BLEST throne of freedom, and of high renown,
In many' a long and hard-fought battle won,
In many' a midnight council oft' ſecur'd,
Which ſtill for happy centuries endur'd;

Oh let me hail thy ſolemn, ſacred ſcenes,
Thy lofty mountains, and thy green retreats,
Where ev'ry ſtep marks out ſome hero's grave,
Some ſpot where Britons reſolutely brave
Stemm'd the rough torrent of diſaſtrous war,
While their lov'd country claim'd their dearest care;
Or where the holy ſage or hermit fought
Some lone receſs to nurſe his infant thought;
For Heroes, Sages, Poets too, were thine,
And Patriots, glowing with the flame divine,
Who check'd loud war, or faction's louder rage,
And roſe the wonders of a future age!

BUT ſee where yonder lofty piles ariſe
In antique glory, to the diſtant ſkies,
CAERNARVON's regal turrets, known to fame,
The Normans' boaſt, and EDWARD's pride and ſhame;
Whom *force* could ill ſubdue, by *tortes* aſſail'd,
At length the ſtudy'd royal fraud prevail'd.
Then CAMBRIA view'd *his* offspring mount the throne,
And gave her faith to Princes not her own;

Till future Monarchs ſprung from Britiſh blood,
(CARACTACUS and ARTHUR wiſe and good)
When TUDOR's line ſaw liberty reſtor'd,
And jarring nations bleſs'd their common Lord.——

BUT now primæval trees that ſtretch their ſhade;
O'er darkling dells, the orient beams invade;
Scarce MONA's deepeſt groves reſiſt its ray,
But glimmer faintly with a dubious day:
Wide ſtretching thence, where more than mortal gloom
O'erſpreads the ſpot of EVELINA's tomb,
The parting boughs admit the ſolar fire,
And flitting ſhadows of the night retire.

THE dawning day ſaw MONA's Druid laid
Intranc'd, beneath the melancholy ſhade;
There Inſpiration, daughter of the ſky,
With myſtic viſions charm'd his cloſing eye;
While his rapt ſoul in ſacred ſlumbers borne
View'd diſtant times and ages yet unborn.

THERE BRITAIN's Genius the dire proceſs ſhew'd
Of Roman conqueſt o'er his lov'd abode;
How bold BONDUICA check'd their conqu'ring arms,
And fill'd the injur'd iſle with loud alarms;
How fierce PAULINUS ſtemm'd the hoſtile tide,
Till She who could not conquer bravely dy'd.

AND next he view'd where BRITAIN's hapleſs ſtate,
Deſerted by her conq'rors, yields to Fate.
When ROME's proud legions to her coaſts withdrew,
And far away her conq'ring eagles flew.
Then from the North, a fierce and ſavage hoſt
Spread vaſt deſtruction o'er th' affrighted coaſt.
Till from the German ſhores a hardy train,
With fav'ring omems plough'd the boiling main;
The foe repell'd, their gueſts the realm invade,
And ſeize that country which they came to aid.
Then ARTHUR roſe and many a chief of Fame,
(Prompt to avow their ſinking country's claim)

But roſe in vain;—for Heav'n decreed their fate,
And in wild ruin wrapp'd the ſinking ſtate;
Then to their heights the Britiſh bands retire,
And woo fair Freedom there, whoſe ſacred fire
Still warms their hearts; while to the ſtranger-band,
Remains the conqueſt of their ſervile land.

HERE rolling ages ſaw them ſtill ſuſtain
The ſimple glories of their happy reign;
While dreadful feuds diſtract their conq'ring foes,
And civil diſcord, heaping woes on woes.
What though they boaſt their policy to blend
That ev'n o'er CAMBRIA bade their rule extend,
While YORK and LANCASTER with kindred blood,
Their native land, and other climes imbru'd,
While warring chieftains deſolation ſpread,
" And for the king's offence the people bled."
Vain was their boaſt, till TUDOR's glorious line
Reſtor'd fair Peace and Liberty divine!

From

From ancient Britiſh kings their race who drew,
And claim'd their Valour and their Virtue too;
Theſe long ſuſtain'd the glories of the iſle,
Beneath their reign fair Peace and Plenty ſmile,
Who taught ſucceeding ſovereigns ſtill to prove,
Their firſt, beſt treaſure is their people's love.
Yet war again reſum'd its baneful ſway,
And deeds that bluſh'd to view the face of day;
Such dire effects contending faction brings,
" To hated Miniſters and timid Kings."
For whom again loud War began to roar,
And BRITAIN's plains are ſtain'd with Britiſh gore.——

HENCE ſtretching onward, through a waſte of years,
At length a bright and happy race appears;
On whom the various nations ſtill depend,
And hail each prince a father and a friend.—
Who ſhall expreſs the glories of their reign!
Far ſtretching o'er the wide, Atlantic main,

And thence to diſtant regions then unknown,
Deep in the centre of the burning zone.

ALL theſe the Druid in his ſlumbers view'd;—
Each glorious form confeſs'd before him ſtood;—
All who with love of Fame or Virtue fir'd,
Triumphant reign'd, or glorioufly expir'd;
All who in fighting-fields, or councils ſage,
With grave advice or gen'rous patriot-rage,
To ſinking Britain lent their needful aid,
And taught the precepts which their lives diſplay'd,
But chiefly ſuch as, nurs'd in CAMBRIA'S ſoil,
For *her* inceſſant ply'd their gen'rous toil,
Diſtinguiſh'd ſtill who claim'd a glorious name,
And rank'd the foremoſt in the liſt of Fame.
United kingdoms now in friendſhip join
The Britiſh, Saxon, and the Norman line
With thoſe whoſe ſhores the fartheſt ocean laves,
And fair IERNE, waſh'd by weſtern waves.——

What more could BRITAIN hope, or Heav'n beſtow
In this frail ſtate which mortals fill below?
What more could her expecting ſons behold,
Though circling years return'd the age of gold?
Yes!—one gift more!—the GENIUS anxious cries:—
In future times I ſee a Prince ariſe,
With ev'ry winning, manly grace endu'd
By Virtue more ennobled than by Blood;
While yet a youth, while yet a blooming boy.
His parents darling and his country's joy:
He if ſucceſs attend whole nations vows,
And length of days indulgent Heav'n allows,
Like Britiſh ARTHUR may with juſtice ſway,
And teach a warlike people to obey.——
Oh! may no guile miſlead the royal youth,
No devious wiles perplex the path of truth!
But ever prompt to gain a glorious name,
And by fair Honour riſe to deathleſs fame;
May he ſupport a gen'rous people's pow'r,
(Still brave and loyal in the dang'rous hour;

Reſiſting

Reſiſting oft' each hated tyrant's ſword,
But juſt and faithful to *their* rightful lord.)
Still may he make their happy ſtate his care,
And *boaſt* that title he is born to *wear*."

In ſlumbers thus the Druid with ſurprize
Views the bright phantoms fleet before his eyes:—
Enquiring yet with anxious zeal to know
His much-lov'd country's future weal or woe;
While moſt the latter ſcenes his mind employ'd,
And tranquil ſtate in other times enjoy'd.
What farther fortunes might the youth purſue,
Scarce ſeen and ſnatch'd immediate from his view.—
But all beyond Fate's ſable curtain ſhrouds,
In ſhades impervious and a veil of clouds;
The op'ning ſcenes imperfect all decay,
Till, by degrees, the viſion fades away:—
For now the Sun roſe high; the groves and ſtreams
Wide ſhining with the luſtre of his beams;

The cock's loud clarion to the village-ſwain
Had long before announc'd Aurora's reign;
The twitt'ring linnet, with melodious throat,
Bade hill and dale re-echo with his note;
And laſt the mounting lark, with chearful lay,
Had tun'd his ſong, (the herald of the day!)
The nodding branches of the lofty trees
Now ruſtled to the early morning breeze,
The wither'd leaf in many' a whirling round,
Skimm'd the light air, or ſwept along the ground;
When MONA's chief from myſtic ſlumbers woke;
And thus the Seer in mournful accents ſpoke.

" UNWELCOME Pow'r of all-enliv'ning Light,
That from theſe eyes haſt chac'd the ſhades of night,
Why do I view again the piercing ray,
And ſtill ſurvive, to curſe the chearful day?
Why could not war its ſhafts on me employ,
Or Heav'ns own fires this hated life deſtroy?——

Thoſe

Thoſe viſionary forms, that round me play'd,
And whilom gild the melancholy ſhade,
Alas! where are they now! for ever flown!
While penſive in the ſhade I reſt alone;
With lamentations fill the gloomy vale,
And with my ſighs ſtill loud the paſſing gale.
Thrice happy thoſe on whom the heav'ns beſtow,
Not to behold their deareſt country's woe:
Thrice happy thoſe who in the ſilent grave
Have found the laſt ſad refuge of the brave!
The Chief that reign'd in MONA views no more
The bleſſings of her hoſpitable ſhore;
No more with joy beholds her groves aſpire,
Which ROME ſhall burn with ſacrilegious fire.
Paſt are thoſe days when from the ivy'd oak,
Oracular, the holy Druid ſpoke:
No longer now the harp's melodious lay,
Shall hail the riſing or the ſetting day;
But ROME's proud ſhouts, her dreadful voice I hear,
While hoſtile bands on ev'ry coaſt coaſt appear.

"YE Gods of BRITAIN, if your pow'r remains,
And HE the Source of Life, ſublime who reigns
Above the mountain's cloud-envelop'd height,
Above the ſpheres, enthron'd in endleſs light,
Whoſe delegates *you* ſtand—If from on high
He deigns at length to caſt a pitying eye,
O may the Fates ſome happier remnant ſave,
Nor whelm our heroes in one common grave!—
They will, they will! elſe who in times to come
Shall bid the Britiſh fame again to bloom,
As the old ſerpent bright'ning on the day,
That caſts at length her ſcaly veſt away?
Gods of our fathers! your own ſigns fulfil,
As ſuits the purpoſe of the heav'nly will!

BUT what remains for Me? Theſe aged eyes
Shall ſee no more my country's glories riſe!
Far other objects ſtrike my wounded ſight,
From MONA'S iſle to SNOWDON'S tow'ring height,

Where

Where horrid war has fix'd her hated reign,
Wide ſtretching to the vaſt Atlantic main.
Our virgins raviſh'd by the lawleſs band,
Our ſons led captive to a foreign land;
Our ſecret ſhades the haunt of robbers made,
Our ſacred groves in ſmoaky ruins laid!
Theſe are the ſcenes I ever muſt deplore,
Till death ſhall waft me to the gloomy ſhore!"—

THUS while he ſpoke, loud-ſwelling from afar,
Ruſh'd the wild tumult of wide-waſting war:
A thouſand ſhouts loud eccho'd through the trees,
A thouſand ſhrieks came wafted on the breeze;
A grove of ſpears from SNOWDON's ſide deſcends,
A moving grove, which tow'rds the vale extends:
Bright burniſh'd arms reflect the ſolar ray,
And helms refulgent glitter on the day;
The Roman eagle points the deſtin'd road
That leads them on to ſlaughter, wounds and blood;

Before them march'd wild Terror and Deſpair,
And Rapine fell, and horrid Death were there.
Behind came Ruin, led by pale Affright,
And deſp'rate Furies rous'd from ancient Night;
While Fame high raiſing to the clouds her head,
From ſhore to ſhore the dreadful tidings ſpread;
Which ſtill increaſing as they paſs along,
Appal the mighty, and confound the ſtrong.
Then BRITAIN'S Genius left his ancient reign,
And veil'd his glories in the Weſtern main;
Where long he ſlumber'd, till by fate call'd forth,
He roſe the wonder of the peopled earth.

ALL this and more, from mortal eyes conceal'd,
Before the Chief of MONA ſtood reveal'd;
He ſaw each Pow'r averſe with angry hand,
Launch ſure deſtruction on his native land;
He ſaw o'er Freedom tyrant Force prevail,
While ROME triumphant turn'd the fatal ſcale;

And ancient worth, and ſimple Virtue's charms,
Yield to the pow'r of all-ſubduing arms.

In this dread moment, length'ning on his view,
Near and more near the hoſtile ſquadrons drew;
While Druids and their groves alike expire
By biting ſteel or bright conſuming fire.
Riſing, once more the horrors he ſurvey'd,
Then ſmote his breaſt and agonizing ſaid:—

"Behold the glories of a ſavage hoſt!
Behold the trophies yon' barbarians boaſt!
Yet ſhall not Mona's Chief to ſuch a race
Yield his free ſpirit, or their triumphs grace!
Go on to conquer! till Almighty Pow'r
Confound your pride in ſome avenging hour!
For it will come, the dire, diſaſtrous day,
When all your boaſted honours ſhall decay,
When the proud tow'rs of your imperial Rome
Shall ſtoop to conqueſt, and receive their doom.

Then late-relenting Gods ſhall bid ariſe
The Britiſh glories to the concave ſkies,
Shall bid this injur'd iſle extend her Sway,
Ev'n from the riſing to the falling day,
And bear her conq'ring arms to ev'ry zone
Where ROME's proud Eagle yet has never flown.

"O THAT mine age the glorious ſcenes might ſee,
Yet after-times ſhall hail the juſt decree,
Which hurls th' uſurpers from their boaſted ſtate,
And bids aſpiring nations yield to fate.
While righteous Heav'n, that this great boon denies,
Shall ſeal in death theſe ſad and mournful eyes,
Ere yet more horrors vex my aking ſight,
Their cloſing orbs ſhall ſet in endleſs night,
I feel, I feel their fainting fires decay,
And Life's laſt pulſes feebly die away;
And here, within this melancholy ſhade,
Where reſt the reliques of the Royal Maid,

Shall

Shall MONA's ſon his laſting ſtation keep,
And loſe his cares in one eternal ſleep."

HE ſaid;——dim ſhadows ſwam before his ſight,
And fleeting forms of unſubſtantial night:
Not ſuch as MORPHEUS calls with gentle breath,
But ſuch as hover round the gates of Death.
More diſtant now he hears War's tempeſt roar,
And ROME and CÆSAR ſtrike with dread no more.
Fade the ſad objects on his languid eye,
And on his ear the imperfect murmurs die:
Till Life's o'erweary'd flame at length withdrew,
And from his lips the vital ſpirit flew.—
Ev'n on that ſpot where EVELINA's tomb,
With double horrors mark'd the aweful gloom,
With look ſerene, ſuch as in life he wore
When ruling on high MONA's hallow'd ſhore,
Or ſuch as when, with patriot zeal inſpir'd,
On SNOWDON's top the Britiſh bands he fir'd;

His

His ſacred corſe in decent order lay,
While his free ſpirit ſought the realms of day!

When journeying onward thro' the dark abode,
The hoſtile legions took their deſtin'd road,
Rome's ſon's appal'd the deathful ſcene ſurvey'd,
Nor dar'd to violate the ſacred ſhade;
But ſtrait, with melancholy march and ſlow,
Withdrew, deep muſing from the vale of woe.
But when the ſun was ſunk beneath the main,
Mournful return'd wild Mona's ſcatter'd train;
Theſe when they view'd their holy chief laid low,
Again gave looſe to agonizing woe,
Then his cold reliques mournfully convey'd,
Far from the lone and unfrequented ſhade —
There Evelina's tomb; ſo Fate ordain'd,
To after-ages undiſturb'd remain'd,
The Britiſh ſoil embrac'd the royal maid,
And o'er her tomb her native oaks diſplay'd
An aweful gloom and venerable ſhade;

While

EVELINA.

While MONA's ſons to diſtant hills retreat,
And view with tearful eyes their ancient ſeat,
To their lov'd chief the laſt ſad tribute pay,
And greet his paſſage to the realms of day.
Their mournful notes the diſtant ſhores rebound,
And Dirges, ſung to ſolemn Muſic's ſound;
While to cold earth his ſad remains they truſt,
And peaceful ſleeps the Druid's mould'ring duſt.——

FINIS.

ERRATA.

IN *the Argument for* OSTORIOUS *read* OSTORIUS.—*Pages* 6, 7, 8, *&c. for* LLYVAN *read* LLYVON.—*Page* 11, *line* 2, *for* whirlwind, *read* whirlwinds.—*Page* 12, *line* 6, *for* grief *read* woe.—*Page* 14, *line* 10, *for* flights *read* flight.—*Page* 17, *line* 1, *for* thy *read* his.—*Page* 18, *line* 2, *for* lands *read* fands.—*Page* 19, *line* 11, *for* DINLLES *read* DIULLES.—*In the* NOTE *to page* 19, *for* Suetonius *read* Suetonius, *and dele the* Comma.—*Page* 21, *line* 1, *for* of *read* where.—*Page* 25, *line* 8, *for* When *read* With.—*Ibid, line* 7, *for* its *read* their.—*Page* 26, *line* 1, *for* proceſs, *read* progreſs, *Ibid, line* 13, *for* omems, *read* omens.

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